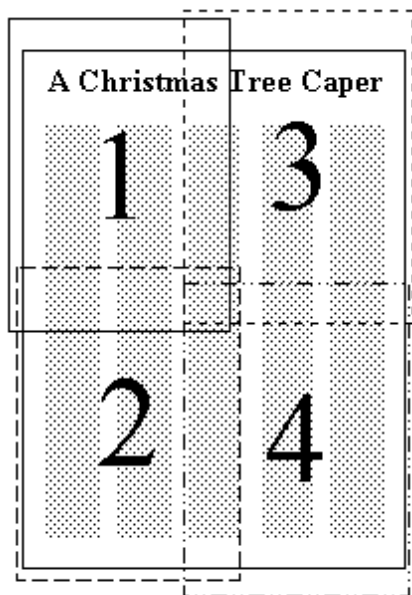


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



## TERRY



GRENADERS, RIFLE FIRE,  
GENERAL CONFUSION!  
HOTSHOT, SOMEBODY  
OUT THERE IS BOUNCING  
THOSE RED MILITIAS  
AROUND CONSIDERABLE.  
BUT WHO?

TERRY, SON, LET US NOT BE CHOOSY  
I AM PREPARED TO GREET OUR COY  
ALLIES, WHOEVER THEY ARE, WITH A  
FOND KISS ON THE FOREHEAD.



TRY IT  
BUMP  
OUT



## THREE-QUARTER MOON

By JACK RITCHIE

(Copyright 1954 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

**D**ID you know that Chinchillas have no fleas?" Henry asked. Elaine Barrett closed her eyes momentarily and sighed. That was just like Henry Wilson. Here they were walking on a campus bright with moonlight and Henry had to get on a subject like that.

"That's because their fur is so fine and closely spaced that there's no room for them," Henry explained.

Henry would probably graduate cum laude, Elaine reflected, but after all there are times when you ought to forget your education. At least that type of education.

"Isn't that a lovely full moon," Elaine said hopefully.

Henry's serious gray eyes dutifully took a look.

"Not quite a full moon," he said. "It's gibbous. Between half moon and full, with both ends convex."

Elaine stopped walking. Henry, with his eyes on the gibbous moon continued for 10 yards before he realized he was walking alone. He came back to Elaine.

HENRY DOESN'T  
QUITE CATCH ON

"I almost went on without you," Henry said, allowing himself a slight smile.

"Would it have made any difference?" Elaine asked sweetly.

Henry appeared faintly worried. "Is there anything wrong?"

"Yes," Elaine thought, "there is quite definitely something wrong. Not in the way you look, because you have broad shoulders and eyes that could make me quiver. But why don't you just try!"

"Why in the world did your parents name you Henry?" she asked. Henry was puzzled. "Why?"

ball in Winter, and ran around a cinder track in the Spring. He also kept busy in the evenings and occasionally he studied.

"Well," he said, coming to a halt. "It looks like I arrived in the nick of time to prevent death by boredom."

Elaine looked at him. "You might be right."

"I bet you've been having a gay old time," Jimmy said to Henry.

Henry reddened slightly. "See here," he said. "I don't like your attitude."

It was the puzzle of Jimmy's life why a girl as pretty as Elaine could possibly date Henry while he himself was available. He suspected a deficiency in judgment.

Jimmy turned to Elaine. "Should I show Henry what I do on a night when we have a full moon?"

"Not exactly a full moon," Henry corrected him. "Gibbous."

"With both ends convex," Elaine added bitterly.

Jimmy had trouble with literature, economics, sociology, in fact, with anything that entailed reading, writing, or more than simple cogitation.

However there were some things he understood instinctively. He had just such a feeling of understanding now, and he was not one to let an opportunity pass. He put his arm around Elaine's waist.

"I can see you've been having trouble, kid," he said.

Elaine allowed Jimmy's arm to remain where it was. She glanced expectantly at Henry.

"I'm afraid I must insist," Henry said evenly.

Jimmy let go of Elaine and turned wearily to Henry. "Go away," he said. "You must have an exam or something to study for." He put his hand on Henry's chest and pushed.

Henry was not pushable.

From where Jimmy lay on the grass, he recognized the Big Dipper and the North Star. Then he remembered why he was in that position. In some diabolical manner Henry had grasped Jimmy's wrist and flipped him over his shoulder.

Jimmy rose with the light of retaliation in his eyes and moved forward.

At the end of two and one-fifth seconds, Jimmy was reexamining the Big Dipper, also known as Ursa Major.

He sat up and focused his eyes. "Why don't you fight like a man," he demanded. "In the American way."

"Very well," Henry said, and began removing his coat.

ELAINE STOPS  
THE FIGHT

Elaine stopped blinking and pulled herself together. "Jimmy Harrison, if you dare continue this for another second, I'll go right to the football coach and the basketball coach and every other coach I can find."

"When they find out you've been fighting, they'll throw you off the team."

Jimmy was aware that he hadn't done much of the fighting, but it remained an effective way to reason with him. He shivered at the possibility of such a thing happening.

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"Why in the world did your parents name you Henry?" she asked.

Henry was puzzled. "Why?"

"Yes, why? There's something about Henry that—well, you know. I think it's affected your personality."

"I don't understand," Henry said.

"That's just the trouble," Elaine said. "You don't understand and I'm not the one who's going to tell you."

"I don't think there's anything wrong with Henry," he said. "My grandfather was named Henry. My father is named Henry. If I have any—" He changed course. "Millions of people are named Henry."

Henry thought about it. "Well, maybe not millions," he said, approaching the subject more reasonably. "Perhaps 50,000."

Elaine had a mad desire to kick him in the shins, and she might have. But Jimmy Harrison came swinging into view from a corner of the Phi Beta Kappa house, and she put away the temptation.

Jimmy Harrison was 190 pounds, played football in the Fall, basket-

could possibly date Henry while he himself was available. He suspected a deficiency in judgment.

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Henry appeared to be thinking.

"Henry," Jimmy said. "I hate to give away any trade secrets or startle you in any way, but watch closely and you'll see what a girl expects on an evening like this."

## KISSING ELAINE DISAPPOINTS JIMMY

Both his arms went around Elaine and he kissed her soundly. At least to a spectator it looked like a sound kiss, but to Jimmy it was disappointing.

Not that Elaine resisted, not exactly. But it remained that she wasn't cooperating in the way that she should. Jimmy felt irritation seeping into him.

Henry tapped him on the shoulder. "I wouldn't do that," he said.

"I know you wouldn't," Jimmy snapped. "That's why I'm here."

He sought to reapply himself to the task, but was interrupted by the insistent tapping.

"Why don't you fight like a man," he demanded. "In the American way."

"Very well," Henry said, and began removing his coat.

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"When they find out you've been fighting, they'll throw you off the team."

Jimmy was aware that he hadn't done much of the fighting, but it remained an effective way to reason with him. He shivered at the possibility of such a thing happening.

Elaine persisted. "I don't care if we lose every game or meet or whatever you call them."

Winning games was very important to Jimmy. It would be a terrific blow to the team's chances if he weren't there. Jimmy admitted this with no false modesty. Also his back hurt.

He straightened his sweater and brushed off bits of grass. "All right," he said stiffly. He scowled at Henry. "But some day, just remember . . ."

He stalked away in a dignified fashion, limping hardly at all.

Henry was silent and preoccupied with thought. Finally he took Elaine's arm and led her in the opposite direction.

"Spike," he said.

"What?" Elaine was confused.

"That's what they used to call me when I was a boy," He cleared his throat. "Of course I was considerably more aggressive in those days."

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## BRENDA STARR



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LIES, WHOEVER THEY ARE, WITH A  
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TRY IT, CHAPPIE, AND I'LL PUT ENOUGH  
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# ER MOON

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"He should not have kissed you."  
"I don't suppose he should have," Elaine said. "Do we have to walk so fast?"

Henry slowed down. "It was entirely uncalled for."

"If you say so," Elaine agreed.

Henry stopped. "Nevertheless," he conceded. "He did what I've been thinking about doing for quite some time now."

He almost faltered, but then he remembered he had once been Spike. He took a deep breath.

Their lips met in a kiss that looked sound.

It was sound. Henry even forgot to think.

At last, by mutual agreement, they decided that it was not necessary to prolong one kiss for eternity. They could always start others.

"Did that compare with—" Henry checked himself.

"Superior," Elaine breathed. "Absolutely."

Henry looked up at the sky. "By George," he said. "You might be right. That does look like a full moon."

THE END

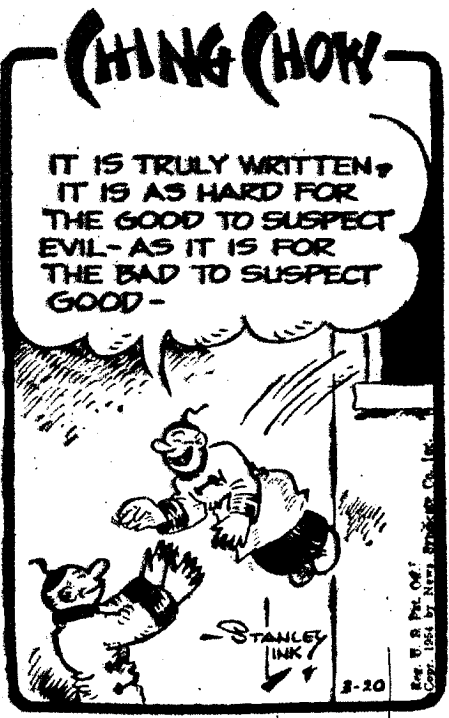
# Imagination Big Reason For Fearing

By GLADYS BEVANS

About fears again today, a subject which can't easily be written about in brief, snappy, positive style. It's often too subtle and too nebulous. Incidentally, I want to mention that the fears I am describing in these articles are actual instances.

For example, a child's fears which may lie dormant all day and then float to the surface with the quiet and darkness and aloneness of night, was our last subject.

Beetle's View



in your child. Things you think would, won't, and often things you think wouldn't, will. Children's reactions are not like ours, because their experiences are different.

Also, what stirs the imagination of one child to either delight or fear, may leave another untouched. So, a hoot-owl may sound strange and ghostly to one child, and it might only make another one beg, "Let me go out hunting with my flash tomorrow night, Dad. I've never seen an owl out of a zoo!"

Can you gain obedience without punishment? We have a booklet on the subject. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for it. Address Mrs. Gladys Bevans, THE NEWS, 220 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

**\$5 for EMBARRASSING MOMENTS**

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**Reactions Vary**

A very natural question for a mother to ask would be, "But what fears? We don't do anything in our family to make Derek or little Diana fearful. Why did Derek have that spell of not wanting to have his feet hang over the edge of the bed a second after his slippers were off? And what fear could make Diana love her bedroom and be so orderly in the daytime, and yet beg not to undress there and not put her clothes away at night? We're so careful not to let our children use or hear anything that might frighten them, that I can't understand all this."

After years of being with children, I have found this simple fact to be true: In this world of ours you can't control everything your child will see and hear and read, and so logically, you can't keep away from him all fear-inspiring influences. In addition, you can't always know what will inspire fear

in your child. Things you think would, won't, and often things you think wouldn't, will. Children's reactions are not like ours, because their experiences are different.

Also, what stirs the imagination of one child to either delight or fear, may leave another untouched. So, a hoot-owl may sound strange and ghostly to one child, and it might only make another one beg, "Let me go out hunting with my flash tomorrow night, Dad. I've never seen an owl out of a zoo!"

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Entering a crowded subway car, I brushed by a woman who carried a large shoulder strap bag. A sudden tugging at my elbow made me look down only to discover that her bag with its long strap had become neatly wrapped around the projecting end of the magazine I was carrying.

G. R. Bronx.

While attending an open house celebration after a college play, I remarked to the hostess, a good friend of mine, that I was disappointed in the play, adding, "In fact, I thought it was terrible!" Because my remark was met by stares of my hostess, I turned around and saw the play's author, my English professor.

Shreveport, La. J. C.

